

THE DAILY
SHORT STORYMacFirth of the Mounted
Police.By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD.
(Copyright, 1920, by the McClure
Newspaper Syndicate.)"GET him, MacFirth, dead or
alive!" The words were
cried, final.Alan MacFirth saluted his chief,
crossed to the door with decisive step
and closed it behind him. Outside in
the crisp northern air he drew a deep
breath, partly at relief that what he
had so long dreaded had at last come,
partly of resolution to put through the
job as expeditiously as possible. Yet
his successful accomplishment would
mean, presumably, the downfall of his
hopes.For the chief had sent him after
Brandon, and Brandon, in spite of the
fact that he had skipped with provin-
cial funds, and was in hiding
somewhere north of the circle, had
chosen to cast acquisitive glances at
Jeannie Bruce, the factor's daughter,
whom Alan had loved ever since, as a
piggish youngster, she had come to
the post. And post gossip said that
Jean had reciprocated.Now to say good-by to Jeannie. He
strode over to the factor's dwelling,
the most pretentious of the little
group of white painted buildings, and
ranged sharply on the door. A mo-
ment later, admitted by Margot,
Brian's dusky half-breed housekeeper,
he regarded him with the inscrut-
able look of her kind, he entered the
long living room with its sparse yet
homelike furnishings.His entrance startled a slim figure
from the depths of a huge chair. As
she rose to meet him Alan saw that
Jean had been crying. Evidently she
had heard that he was to be put on
Brandon's trail. Even as he gripped
tightly the two hands she held out to
him, MacFirth cursed inwardly.
Jeannie crying over that worthless
scamp of a Brandon!"Jeannie, I've come to say good-bye."
"The chief—"
"I know," interrupted the girl.
"You're out after Jim Brandon, and I
know what you have been told. I
know the chief. He always says,
'Get him, dead or alive.' Oh, Alan, for
my sake—" she lifted beseeching
eyes. "For my sake, Alan, bring him
back alive!"So the rumor of the post was true.
Jean cared. MacFirth swallowed
hard. "Does it mean as much to you
as all that?" he asked gently.
"It means more than you know,"
she returned so sincerely and earnestly
that Alan choked back the
words of love struggling for utter-
ance."I'll do my best, Jean," he said
simply, and presently after a phrase
of conventional farewell set out on
his long and lonely mission.Had he known that, despite his ef-
forts at concealment, the girl had
read in his eyes his love for her, he
might have found in the fact a trifle
of consolation. He had heard the
words she murmured when he had
left her standing, wistful, on the
threshold. "Heaven send that Margot
is right!" he would have had cause
for wondering.Many weeks later, in an odorless
igloo not very far from the frozen
arctic rim, MacFirth found Brandon,
recognizable in spite of his Eskimo
clothes, his growth of beard and the
ravages of sickness. And Brandon,
who had seen from the opening of the
igloo the plodding train of sledge
dogs, knew that his day of reckoning
had come.For in that vast country, with its
frozen wastes and snow-bound hori-
zons, white men respect two things—
rampage and the Northwest Mounted
Police.In the monotonous days which fol-
lowed temptation lay heavy on Mac-
Firth to let Brandon die. In the lone-
ly nights in camp on the way to the
post he thought ten thousand little
things which urged him on to a nega-
tive course of action—merely not to
fight the fever, not to give the medi-
cine, not to prepare the nourishing
broth.But he did not yield. The chief
might be satisfied with Brandon dead—
Jean would not.Meanwhile, at the post, Jeannie
pondered the whereabouts of the
two men, one of whom she knew
loved her. She worried also concern-
ing her father. John Bruce was los-
ing furs for the company. For sev-
eral seasons the value of the pelts
had been decreasing. Yet the inde-
pendent traders were doing better
than ever. Some one had been way-
laying the Indians on their return
from their winter's trapping and bring-
ing them to turn over the most val-
uable skins. For his thievery—and
it was little else—her father would
be held responsible.One milder day when Jeannie
laced up her walking boots and took
her troubles into the open air. After
a lengthy tramp she decided, like a
true daughter of the wilderness, on a
short cut home, and thereby made
her discovery.While forging her way through an
almost impenetrable growth of under-
brush bordering a muskeg swamp, she
stumbled over a plank. Surprised,
she stopped to investigate, and found
that the plank was part of a flooring
which concealed a dugout of some
sort.Curiously, she pried at a board un-
til it loosened, and kneeling, she gazed
into the gloomy depths within. A
cache of furs! Evidently cured and
hastily hidden away. Wait! Some-
thing glinted in the corner. She thrust
in her hand and brought out a party
explosion watch fob, evidently dropped
by the wearer stooped over his buried
loot. Now who had she seen wearing
that fob?It was late when Jeannie returned
home. Tired and perplexed, she did
not notice the subtle air of excite-
ment which hovered about the "Post,"
but went straight to the office of the
chief to make known her discovery.Unaware, she opened the door,
then gave a little cry. There stood
MacFirth and, quite unlike his former
jaunty self, Jim Brandon. Jean learned
weakly against the door as all eyes
concentrated upon her. Then, straightened
suddenly, she held out her hand with
the fob."See what I have kept of yours!"
she cried ambiguously, her eyes dart-
ing from one man to the other.MacFirth's eyes held only a desper-
ate yearning. But, "Mine!" said Bran-
don, with an attempt to recapture his
former debonaire manner. Then he
cringed suddenly, for Jean turned
upon him, her eyes blazing.Then it was you who have been
cheating my father! You who bribed
Margot's half-wit husband to steal
and hand over to you all the black
and silver fox pelts! You who hid
them away—the furs the Indians owed
my father for supplies already charged
against them at the company store!
Margot is afraid of her hus-
band, but the very day Alan went after
you, she came to me and said,
"Brandon—he know all about skins!"
That was why I prayed that you might
come back. Then today, quite by ac-
cident, I found your cache—and this!"
She threw the fob at his feet and
clipped out of the door.Over Brandon's sullen head, the
chief gave Alan the permission his
eyes were mutely begging."You're excused, MacFirth," he said
briefly.In the darkness Alan overtook
Jeannie. With the air of one who willHand-Worked
Batiste Gains
Renewed FavorBy CORA MOORE
New York's Fashion Authority.
NEW YORK, June 26.—Of course,
a summer wardrobe includes a batiste,
frock on the order of this one. They
are a revival and immensely popular.
Besides, everyone "just loves" bat-
iste, especially if it is handworked
with English eyelet embroidery, as
this one is.There is a plain skirt and a plain
low-dropped sash. Then a tunic that
leaves a panel effect down the front
center is embroidered below three
hand hemstitched tucks and is mount-
ed, with its fullness evenly distrib-
uted, to the belt.The round waist has a circular
yoke piece and three-quarter sleeves,
embroidered, and just in front, as a
last touch, there is a series of eye-
lets.no longer be denied, he draw her
masterly to him."If you don't love Brandon," he
said tenderly, "perhaps—"

"I do love you!" cried Jeannie.

CONFESSIONS
OF A BRIDE

(Copyright, N. E. A.)

Ann and I didn't venture to ex-
change a word about what was in our
minds until we were ready for bed.
We occupied adjoining rooms."Sleep if you can, Ann," I advised
her. "You may need steady nerves
tomorrow.""Was it a college boy who took the
key?" she asked and I knew from
her shaking voice that in spite of her
brave game of cards, the poor child
was aroused at last to the enormity
of her mischance."The college kid may not have been
a detective, in disguise, nosing around
as you and I imagine," I said to com-
fort her. "Maybe he was truly an hon-
est agent, and he snatched the key for
a joke, the way boys act, you
know!""I know that all boys want to be
detectives," Ann said. "Even if this
one discovered the key by accident,
he'll find the name of the bathhouse
and the number of the room on the
tag. And then?""And then—he will just naturally
take that key to police headquarters."SEASHORE EXCURSION
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BALTIMORE & OHIO

and tell where he found it! And we
will get the result very early in the
morning. We might as well face the
fact, Ann," I said and tucked her
into her big bed as tenderly as if she
were a child.She was so tiny, so helpless, a toy
in the hands of a tricky fate. Dozens
of girls as winsome as she, carelessly
out for a good time as she had
been, as ignorant of life and as easily
flattered—as she—might end—any day
—in the same tragic situation. I shed
a few tears as I kissed her good night."Your mother is probably on her
way here. Do you recollect that dan-
dy waiter who came to once and
take charge of the decorating busi-
ness? She'll be here soon. That's a
comfort. And, as for your husband—
do you want me to wire Jim?"

"Oh, no! No! No!"

"You're right," I agreed. I did not
dare to think about Jim. His pride
would be broken—when the dreadful
news finally came out.Now I'm going to my own room to
read my letter from Bob. I'll leave
the door open," I said.

Ann called me back.

"The police took the numbers of all
autos at the beach. Have you thought
about that?""I have, but I hoped you had not,"
I said."At this very minute they know all
about me and Ives," she sobbed. I
let her cry. It was time that she
had a hard fit of weeping, time she
should wake up to what menaced her."They do," I admitted. "Doubtless
they have already talked with all of
Ives' former employees, including the
messenger. And, when they link up
what he says with you, and with the
number of our car—""Jane, the police would never come
to see me first." This idea made Ann
sit up in bed. "They'd go to daddy and
his lawyers!""Out of the mouths of babes,"
thought I. That's exactly what they
would do—and exactly what they
must not do. For, as sure as death
is death, if Daddy Lorimer gets ex-
cited, he will have another "stroke."Bob had gone off on a trip simply
to save daddy from a fit of wrath
about business matter, while I was
helplessly letting a worse case over-
whelm him.It appeared to me that I had to
make a choice between Ann and gad-
dy. Ought I to go to the police my-
self? And tell them they must not
disturb daddy, that they must wait
until Bob came home? That daddy
positively must not dream that his
new daughter-in-law was connected
with the murder of Claude Ives?The possibility terrified me. If I
went to the chief of police with any
such proposition, I would be condemn-
ing Ann. If she were suspected, or if
I would betray her, if she was unsus-
pected.Must I choose between her and
Daddy Lorimer?Ann, in her white bed, kept chat-
tering:"I can see that you do believe—I
suppose I deserve to have you be-
lieve—that I really shot Claude Ives!"SISTER MARY'S
KITCHEN

(Copyright, 1920, N. E. A.)

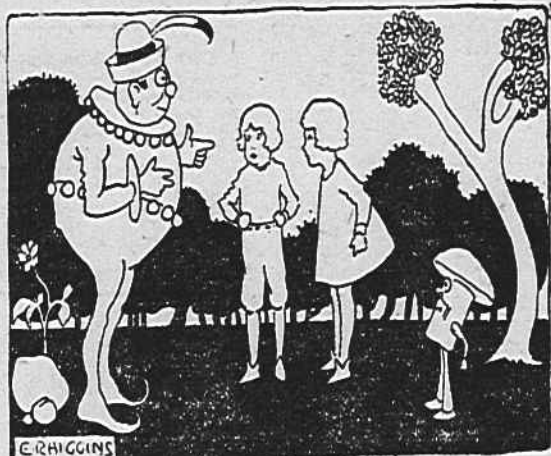
During the summer months the
"family wash" usually reaches pro-
portions. The washing part
is never quite such hot work as the
ironing part. And the ironing may
be lessened and still have smooth
clothes.Sheets and towels can be used with-
out ironing if care is taken when
wringing, hanging out and taking
from the line.Fold clothes smoothly to put through
the wringer. Hang clothes on the line
so the breeze will blow through them.
Fold smoothly and even—when tak-
ing from the line. Sheets put back
on the bed after this kind of ironing
are full of "ozone" and freshness.
They are not "rough dry" with that
unpleasant stickiness and harshness
common to cottons when not ironed.
Towels seem more absorbent andVEGETABLE PLANTS
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ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

(By Olive Roberts Barton)

Wally Woodchuck in Disgrace.

Nancy and Nick came close to hear what
Tingaling wished them to
do, as he had said he had an errand he
wanted done.
"It's about Wally Woodchuck," the
fairly landlord of Dear-Knows-
Where said, looking very much upset.
Where said, looking very much upset.Where said, looking very much upset.
Where said, looking very much upset.
Where said, looking very much upset.
Where said, looking very much upset."It's about Wally Woodchuck," the fairly landlord of Dear-Knows-
Where said, looking very much upset.names, one because he chucks them out of the house and home, and the
other (groundhog, you know), because he's such a greedy pig!""Goodness!" said Nick. "I never knew he was so mean. We'll go
get him right away, won't we, Nancy?" And the little boy was for start-
ing right off."Here! Hold on!" cried Tingaling, catching him. "You don't know
which door to go to. He's got four, the cute, old fellow! The house only
had one, when I rented him the place, but he's had the others put in—a
nd halls. You just should see the halls. That's the trouble about catch-
ing him. When I go to the front door he hears me and sneaks out the
back, and if I hurry around there, he slips in again, and out one of the
side doors. But with four of us—Tingaling counted the Magical Mush-
room—"we ought to be able to round up the old scamp and make him take
the children back."have a roughness that is not unpleas-
ant.

Menu for Tomorrow

BREAKFAST—Halves of grape-
fruit, buttered toast, coffee.LUNCHEON—Bran bread sand-
wiches, shrimp salad, drop nut cook-
ies, iced tea.DINNER—Cold boiled ham, pota-
to salad, molded asparagus cream,
Parker House roasts, strawberry short-
cake, coffee.

My Own Recipes.

The man working out doors all day
long will not find such a breakfast
as fruit, toast and coffee quite sat-
isfying enough. But the man who
spends his days in an office is health-
ier and happier when he eats a light
breakfast. Half of a grapefruit con-
tains a goodly amount of food.Instead of serving cream with the
shortcake try adding hard sauce to
the crushed berries. It takes more
berries but it is awfully good for a
change.

DROP NUT COOKIES.

1 egg

1-2 cup sugar

2 tablespoons butter



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Destroying Your HairThis statement is made by F. A. Thompson &
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remedy that will nourish your
hair and destroy the dandruff
germ at the same time.Your scalp will be clean and
healthy, the dandruff will dis-
appear, itching and falling
hair stop and your hair will
become naturally glossy and
luxuriant in less than two
weeks, if you use this new
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If your dealer in your city cannot supply you, send
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Mich., and we will send you a sample bottle together
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and Scalp.Mountain City Drug Co., Fairmont Pharmacy, Fortney
Drug Co., H.H. Drug Co., and the Hall Drug Co.vanilla. Add nuts. Drop from a tea-
spoon onto a buttered and floured
cookie pan. Bake fifteen or twenty
minutes in a slow oven.
Imagine a presidential campaign
without hard cider.

Mysteries of Science.

For an hour the orator had been
holding forth until his audience (win-
dled down to two small boys still
he was gratified that he still held
them in his impassioned thrall. He
was just working up to a grand spread
eagle climax, when one turned to the
other."What'd I tell yer, Bill?" he ex-
claimed. "See, it is the lower jaw
that works."—American Legion Week
ly.Why He Bought It.
Yeast—Did you buy that yeast for
your wife?
Crimsonbeak—I did.
Yeast—Well, believe me, it makes
her look fierce.
Crimsonbeak—Well, take it from
me, she would have looked a good
deal fiercer if I hadn't—Yeast
Sittenman.

=CASEO=

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30 Tablets 25 Cents

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The savings are too important to be ignored.

Silk Skirts \$14.75

Worth up to \$29.75.

The finest Silk Skirts it has ever been our privilege to offer are in
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Kist, Faille, Poplin, Crepe de Chine, Georgette, Tricolette and all
the newer and most wanted materials. They run the gamut of rich
colors and ever so many are made doubly desirable by rows and
rows of pleats.Many women will take advantage
of this offering of

Capes at \$9.95

Many of these capes actually have been priced as high as forty
to fifty dollars. They are not new—BUT THEY ARE NONE THE
LESS STYLISH AND DESIRABLE. In the East, especially, Capes
are all the go—almost every woman has one and we believe our
patrons will be glad to choose from this wonderful group at this
ridiculously low price. Mostly in navy blue serge of fine grade.

Blouses at \$9.95

—exquisite modes in
georgette and tricoletteThis is the first time we have made men an extreme low price for
fine Blouses—Blouses which beyond a doubt are well worth their
original prices of \$12.50, \$15.00 and upwards to \$19.75. Every known
departure of the present season is embodied in this large group.
Regulation and over-blouse models; white, flesh and gayest sum-
mer colors; ornamentation of far richer character than one ordi-
narily find. All in all, this is a surprising opportunity not only to
save substantially but at the same time to obtain extraordinary
Blouse value. Tonight only.You will be very, very
glad to pay—Only \$5.95 for a
Voile DressWe will sell them tonight. They are really as nice quality and be-
coming styles as are generally offered at \$10. Fact is, we have
been selling these same garments at \$15.00 to \$10.00 right along, so
the reduction during three hours will be one-third to one-half.
There are upwards to fifty in the group—all sizes and plenty of
styles and colors.The millinery department contributes
practically the entire stock of

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Regular Price

Very few reservations will be made—Hats from our best known
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of straw, lace, and other rich cloth fabrics. Practically every Hat
in stock will be offered at exactly one-half the regular price mark-
ing tonight only.Osgood's
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Quality

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(TALK ABOUT HARD LUCK.)—BY ALLMAN.

